

Heat Wave Hustle

The sun shows up like it owns the sky,
Making ice cubes melt and tempers fry.
The sidewalk sizzles, grass turns brown,
And everyone's sporting a sweaty frown.

Flip-flops flap, shades sit tight,
Hats pulled low to block the light.
The ice cream truck's a sweet mirage,
But melting cones? That's sabotage.

Fans on full speed, AC's on the hum,
But heat waves laugh—they're here to drum.
Mosquitoes dive like kamikaze pros,
Leaving itchy trails on arms and toes.

Still, there's something sweet with all these rays—
A carefree vibe in sun-drenched days.
So we sweat and smile, to beat the heat,
Summer's here— and it's hot but sweet!